POOR COPY

The Gleaner.

JAS. H. CROSKET, - - - - EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR

TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 12, 1889.

ELECTION TALK.

Some time ago there was a pretty strong impression that Sir John A. McDonald intended to surprise his friends and his enemies alike by bringing on a general election before another meeting of parliament. This design, if it ever was seriously contemplated, has apparently been abandoned, but it is highly probable that a general election will take place next summer if the wily premier considers that the prospects are favorable to the success of his party. The situation in this province is not one that is well calculated to yield much comfort to the conservatives. Of the two ministers which New Brunswick has in the cabinet, neither is entirely acceptable to the supporters of the government. Mr. Costigan is not regarded as a representative of New Brunswick interests, while Mr. Foster is looked upon as a mere clerk of Sir John A. McDonald and a medium through which he communicates his views to parliament. Mr. Foster is not considered by the conservatives of St. John to be of the slightest use as a minister, and his unpopularity in that quarter is very great. No doubt he has a number of personal friends, mainly among his relatives in Kings and St. John, but the rank and file of the party dislike and even despise him. Ever since his marriage the murmurs of discontent have grown louder, and it is universally admitted that his retirement from the government is inevitable. When this takes place the Solicitor General, Mr. Pugsley, will be the government candidate in Kings. In St. John, the tories are in a very unhappy frame of mind and the party is divided by jealousies. The party is managed in that quarter by the three defeated candidates and the president of the Sun Publishing Company. The rejected three control the patronage while the enterprising publisher handles most of the cash, the Sun receiving about fifteen thousand dollars a year for printing and advertising, while the private business of its president is enriched to the extent of more than double that sum by the sale of goods to the government departments. This pleasant little arrangement for the division of the spoils is, however, viewed with great jealousy by the remainder of the party who think that the regime of Thorne, Everett, and McLeod, has lasted long enough. The prospect of another election is not a pleasant subject for the contemplation of the tory triumvirate, for it is an absolute impossibility that the old candidates should be renominated. The nominating convention in 1887 was packed in the interest of Everett, and the attempt to elect him mayor of St. John last summer was made with a view to secure his nomination at the next general election. His overwhelming defeat in that contest, however, utterly destroyed his chances of being again accepted as the party candidate. Any attempt to foist him on the party would result in such a bolt as would leave very little of the party behind but his own personal friends. The prospects of success for the government could hardly be more gloomy than they are in St. John.

THE OLD RECIPROCITY TREATY.

A new generation has been born and has grown up to manhood since the abrogration of the old Reciprocity Treaty by the people of the United States. There are no doubt many of our readers who are unacquainted with its terms, except in a general way, and, therefore, it will be of interest to many, in view of the general desire for reciprocity, to learn the articles reciprocity admitted free of duty by the United States and the British North American provinces under the terms of the Treaty of 1854. These articles were:—

Grain, flour and breadstuffs of all kinds.
Animals of all kinds.
Fresh, smoked and salted meats.
Cotton wool, seeds and vegetables.
Undried fruits, dried fruits.
Fish of all kinds.
Products of fish, and of all other creatures living in the water.
Poultry, eggs.
Hides, furs, skins, or tails (undressed.)
Stone or marble, in its crude or unwrought state, slate.
Butter, cheese, tallow.
Lard, horns, manures.
Coal, pitch, tar, turpentine, ashes.
Timber and lumber of all kinds, round, hewed, and sawed, unmanufactured in whole or in part, firewood.
Plants, shrubs, and trees.
Pelts, wool, fish oil.
Rice, broom-corn and bark.
Gypsum, ground or unground, hewn or wrought, or unwrought, burr or grindstones.
Dye stuffs, flax, hemp and tow, unmanufactured.
Unmanufactured tobacco, rags.

Almost every article in the above list is produced in Canada, and most of these articles are our staples and are produced in great abundance. It is unnecessary to enlarge on the benefits which would result from the admission free of duty of the articles embraced in the Treaty of 1854. Under its operation the trade between the United States and these provinces, which before had been quite small, became very large; and acquired an importance which it has never since wholly lost. If we had such a treaty in operation now it is safe to say that the trade between this province and the United States would be doubled in value in a short time. At the time when the treaty was in operation our means of communication with the United States were very indifferent, being limited to a single line of steamers running from St. John to Boston. Now we have a railway which connects the railway system of the United States with almost every part of this province so that all exports can be sent forward rapidly and conveniently at any season of the year. Under such a reciprocity treaty as this our vegetable products, such as potatoes, would become a source of wealth to these provinces, our farmers would become enriched by the enlarged market opened up to them, and every business in the province would be benefited. New Brunswick asks no better political favor than the renewal of the Reciprocity Treaty of 1854.

The Secretary for Agriculture has been almost as much honored as the party who boasted that he had been once kicked by a prince. A London publication entitled Imperial Federation calls him "a certain Mr. Lugrin," and says: "If we were to acquit Mr. Lugrin of deliberate want of veracity, it could only be by forming an opinion of his intelligence the reverse of flattering." Mr. Lugrin can now choose whether he will choose to be called a falsifier or a block head. A York county jury would probably be divided on this momentous question.

The British Premier's speech at the Guild Hall banquet was very severe on those who have faith in the success of Home Rule for Ireland. He seems to think that his policy in Ireland has been entirely successful but the fact that he finds it necessary to introduce an Irish land purchase bill proves that his policy in Ireland has failed. Ireland will obtain Home Rule, and it is not at all improbable that she may obtain it at the hands of the same Marquis of Salisbury who now ridicules it.

The proposed railway from Fredericton to St John, by way of the river, if built, will add another to Fredericton's means of communication with the rest of the province. What the chances are of this line being subsidised by the government we do not know, but much of the country through which it will pass is fertile and produces large crops for the market Queen's county has been singularly neglected in railway matters, and its claims should be carefully considered.

Some of the Quebec Frenchmen, who call themselves Nationalists, seem to be endowed with a plentiful lack of common sense. In the course of a lecture delivered the other day in Montreal a Nationalist orator predicted that in fifty years Boston would be French-Canadian, a sentiment which was loudly applauded. All this is very funny.

Dyspepsia and Liver Complaint

Is it not worth the small price of 75 cents to free yourself of every symptom of these distressing complaints, if you think so call at our store and get a bottle of Shiloh's Vitalizer. Every bottle has a printed guarantee on it, use accordingly, and if it does you no good it will cost you nothing. Sold by Davis, Staples & Co., opp. City Hall.

MILLVILLE.

Spicy Notes From a Well Informed Correspondent.

MILLVILLE, Nov. 11. Dull; more dull, most dull; is the universal verdict among all classes. I wish you would send along the Salvation Army or an election, to stir us up, else we will rival the far famed "Sleepy Hollow."

Mr. E. Lore has taken possession of his new blacksmith shop, and Mr. J. L Hawkins is ready at the old stand for orders for new sleighs, carriages, &c., which he promises to build or repair in best style.

This is the season for those birds of passage, "Commercial Travellers." Three of them exchanged fraternal greetings here a few days ago.

Mr. E. H. Estey has taken a well earned vacation and is on a visit to Moncton and vicinity.

Duncan Good, of Beckwith Ridge has sold his haunted property to a Mr. Evans of Zion on the N. & W. Railway.

Your correspondent's inquiries regarding the cause of the bursts of melody, which are daily wafted over the city from our "Academy" elicited the reply from one of the urchins "why we are preparing for the examination."

Report says there will be several applications from here for entry to the next term of the Normal School.

Mr. E. Case is putting up a building on the farm he lately bought of Mr. Earle.

Mr. O. S. Mayno is preparing to ship a large quantity of wood from here this winter to keep the Celestials from freezing.

We have a speedy and positive Cure for Catarrh, Diphtheria, Canker Mouth, and Head-Ache, in Shiloh's Catarrh Remedy. A Nasal Injector free with each bottle. Use it if you desire health and sweet breath. Price 50 cents. Sold by Davis, Staples & Co., opp. City Hall.

CATHOLIC CENTENNIAL

Ten Thousand Strangers in Baltimore to Witness the Ceremonies.

BALTIMORE, Md, Nov. 10.—This morning was the commencement of the triple celebration of the 100th anniversary of the appointment of the first American Catholic bishop, the inauguration of the first congress of Catholic laymen held in the United States, and the dedication of the new national university for Catholics. Fully 10,000 strangers are in Baltimore to witness the promised spectacles. Archbishop Williams of Boston celebrated high mass at the cathedral. The first oration of the centenary was delivered by Archbishop Ryan of Philadelphia from Ecclesiasticus L. 1,2,7,14. The sermon was one of retrospection. He closed with a prayer for the continued success of the church in the new century. The benediction was given and the procession of clergy moved out to the cardinal's residence, where the ranks were broken. The church dignitaries dined at St. Mary's seminary this afternoon, and in the evening Archbishop Heiss of Milwaukee celebrated vespers in the cathedral. Archbishop Ireland of St. Paul preached the sermon.

Shiloh's Consumption Cure.

This is beyond question the most successful Cough Medicine we have ever sold, a few doses invariably cure the worst cases of Cough, Croup, and Bronchitis, while it's wonderful success in the cure of Consumption is without a parallel in the history of medicine. Since it's first discovery it has been sold on a guarantee, a test which no other medicine can stand. If you have a Cough we earnestly ask you to try it. Price 10 cts., 50 cts. and $1 00. If your Lungs are sore, Chest or Back lame, use Shiloh's Porous Plaster.

Sold by Davis Staples & Co., opp. City Hall.

Cable.

Bishop O'Dwyer, of Limerick, Ireland, has issued a pastoral letter forbidding the clergy of his diocese to grant absolution to any person guilty of boycotting or pursuing the plan of campaign. The bishop retains to himself alone the right to absolve such persons.

DO YOU wish to SAVE MONEY on CARPETS, CURTAINS AND TABLE LINNEN; IF THEN CALL AT J. G. McNALLY'S.

A REMARKABLE FRIENDSHIP

Existing Between the Famous Trotter Rarus and His Dog Companion.

No sketch of Rarus would be complete without some mention of his remarkable friendship for a dog. When the horse was in California a fireman gave to Splan a wiry haired Scotch terrier pup, who was then two months old and weighed when full grown only two pounds. Splan in turn gave the pup to Dave, the groom of Rarus, with the caution not to let the horse hurt him, for on several occasions Rarus had bitten dogs that ventured into his stall. But to this terrier, who is described as possessing "almost human intelligence," the trotter took a great fancy, which the dog fully returned. They became fast and inseparable friends.

"Not only," said Mr. Splan, "were they extremely fond of each other, but they showed their affection as plainly as did ever a man for a woman. We never took any pains to teach the dog anything about the horse. Everything he knew came to him by his own patience. From the time I took him to the stable a pup until I sold Rarus they were never separated an hour. We once left the dog in the stall while we took the horse to the blacksmith shop, and when we came back we found he had made havoc with everything there was in there in trying to get out, while the horse, during the entire journey, was uneasy, restless, and in general acted as badly as the dog did. Dave remarked that he thought we had better keep the horse and dog together after that. When Rarus went to the track for exercise or to trot a race the dog would follow Dave around and sit by the gate at his side watching Rarus with as much interest as Dave did. When the horse returned to the stable after a heat and was unchecked, the dog would walk up and climb up on his forward legs and kiss him, the horse always bending his head down to receive the caress. In the stable, after work was over, Jim and the horse would often frolic like two boys. If the horse lay down Jim would climb on his back, and in that way soon learned to ride him, and whenever I led Rarus out to show him to the public, Jim invariably knew what it meant, and it enhanced the value of the performance by the manner he would get on the horse's back. On these occasions the horse was shown the halter, and Jimmy, who learned to distinguish these events from those in which the sulky was used, would follow Dave and Rarus out on the quarter stretch, and then, when the halt was made in front of the grand stand, Dave would stoop down and in a flash Jimmy would jump on his back, run up to his shoulder, from there leap on the horse's back, and there he would stand, his head high in the air and his tail stiff out behind, barking furiously at the people."

When Rarus was sold to Mr. Bonner Splan sent Jimmy with the horse, rightly judging that it would be cruel to separate them. But in Mr. Bonner's stable there was a bull terrier in charge, and one day when, for some real or fancied affront, the small dog attacked the larger one, the latter took Jimmy by the neck and was fast killing him, but Rarus heard his outcries, and perceiving that his little friend was in danger and distress, pulled back on the halter till it broke, rushed out of his stall and would have made short work of the bull terrier had he not been restrained by the grooms.—Atlantic Monthly.

The Old Tow Path.

"It is not generally known, but you will find mention of it in the old deeds of the common town lots," said an old citizen as The Man About Town accepted a cigar, "that during the Spanish ownership here there was a towpath all along the river front which was free to every one. Under the Spanish law all river banks were free and were public highways, so that no man could own to the water's edge. When the lots on the river were taken up each man who took one was compelled to leave forty feet for the highway, and any vessel had a right to land and unload where it chose. This highway was called in olden times the "tow," because often rafts and vessels were towed along by mules drawing them from the bank. When a bill was introduced in the Missouri legislature in 1872, or thereabouts, empowering the cities on the bank to charge for wharfage there was a big howl from vessel owners, and Gen. Rosier of Ste. Genevieve made a powerful argument against the bill, but it went through. It was repealed, but again enacted, and it is now on the statute book. You will find in the deeds of the old common town lots the expression, "with the exception of the tow," which was religiously kept free by the Spanish and French residents.—St. Louis Republic.

Spaniards and Mexicans.

At the open air soirees in the Alameda on a bright Sunday morning may be seen the best examples of the beauty of Mexico. The national types are then out in full force and one can see faces of all colors, from tawny rose or olive to white, and then descending in the scale, from rose to a deep nut brown. The ladies of higher caste, that is to say, of pure Spanish blood, are white, and removed from this white by one degree you see a tinted face and so on until it reaches the dark brown of the pure Indian, in whose veins flows not a drop of Spanish blood, a fact to which they point with a great deal of pride. It may not be generally known, but it is true that a Spaniard is held in greater contempt by a Mexican than is any other foreigner. To call a Mexican Spanish is to insult him, and in spite of his accustomed courtesy he will tell you of it. To call a Spaniard Mexican is to commit an unpardonable breach of good manners. While it is the desire and purpose of every Mexican woman to be as white as possible, yet there is no color line drawn here. A woman may be as dark as bronze and yet enjoy the same society privileges that are granted to her more favored Spanish sister.—Cor. Kansas City Times.

He Didn't Call.

He timidly climbed up the brown stone steps,
He timidly rang the bell,
He felt that visit might be his last,
But why so he could not tell.

As he stood at the door the winter wind
Whirled in the streets about,
But above its roaring he heard her say:
"John, tell him that I am out."

As the door was opened with stately mien,
He said to the butler tall:
"Pray go to Miss Jones with my compliments,
And tell her I did not call."
—Williams' Weekly.

A Definition.

Teacher—Now, boys, can any of you tell what is meant by posthumous works?

Boy (at the head of the class)—Yes, sir; I can.

"Well, now, let me hear what it means."

"Sir, posthumous works are books which a man writes after he is dead."—London Tidbits.

Correct.

Teacher—Parse the word "man" in that sentence, Tommy. Tommy—Man is a common noun, masculine gender, and subject of—Teacher—Subject of what, Tommy? Tommy—Subject of woman. And the teacher smiled to herself and didn't correct him.—Kearney Enterprise.

Of One Mind.

First Convict—When my time's up I shall keep on making shoes.

Second Convict—And I shall keep on as my old work, too.

First Convict—Breaking stones!

Second Convict—No; laws.—Brooklyn Citizen.

Only a Question of Time.

"But, doctor, you said last week that the patient would certainly die, and now he is perfectly well."

"Madam, the confirmation of my prognosis is only a question of time."—Fliegende Blaetter.

Hospitable.

"Come and dine with me this evening."

"I can't."

"Why not?"

"I am going to see 'Hamlet.'"

"Bring him with you."—Journal Illustre.

The Frog's Leg.

The young man who has had the invaluable training of abandoning himself to a long experimental research upon some very special but happily chosen point was typically illustrated in a man I knew. With the dignity and sense of finality of the American senior year quick within him, his first teacher in Germany told him to study experimentally one of the seventeen muscles of a frog's leg. He feared loss and limitation in trying to focus all his energies upon so small and insignificant an object. The mild dissipation of too general culture, the love of freedom and frequent change, aided by a taste for breezy philosophic romancing, almost diverted him from the frog's leg.

But as he progressed he found that he must know in a more minute and practical way than before—in a way that made previous knowledge seem unreal—certain definite points in electricity, chemistry, mechanism, physiology, etc., and bring them to bear in fruitful relation to each other. As the experiments proceeded through the winter, the history of previous views upon the subject was studied and understood as never before and broader biological relations gradually seen. The summer, and yet another year, were passed upon this tiny muscle, for he had seen that its laws and structure are fundamentally the same in frogs and men, that just such contractile tissue has done all the work man has done in the world, that muscles are the only organ of the will.

Thus, as the work went on, many of the mysteries of the universe seemed to center in his theme, in fact, in the presence and study of this minute object of nature, he has passed from the attitude of Peter Bell, of whom the poet says, "a cowslip by the river's brim, a yellow cowslip was to him, and it was nothing more," up to the standpoint of the seer who "plucked a flower from the crannied wall," and realized that, could he but understand what it was, "root and all and all in all, he would know what God and man is."

Even if my friend had contributed nothing in the shape of discovery to the great temple of science, he had felt the omne tutitpunctim of nature's organic unity, he had felt the profound and religious conviction that the world is lawful to the core, he had experienced what a truly liberal education, in the modern as distinct from the mediæval sense, really is. We may term it non-professional specialization.—President G. Stanley Hall of Clark University.

Postage Stamp Swindle.

Now and then some one announces himself as the victim of the one million postage stamp hoax. It is firmly believed that, if 1,000,000 stamps are collected and forwarded to some one, a bed will be provided for an invalid boy in some hospital, or a home for an orphan. Christian churches have been the special victims, and there is hardly one in England, the United States, Australia, India or any other country, that has not had several members begging, borrowing and even stealing postage stamps in order to make up the million that will go to clothe and feed some orphan or old person.

This swindle originated in the fertile brain of a postage stamp collector at Stettin, Germany. He desired to get vast collections to sort out and sell again, and hit upon a plan to set the whole civilized world to go to work for him free of charge. He preyed on the sympathies of people by announcing that an orphan would be cared for in "the Syrian Orphan Home," for every 1,000,000 stamps sent to him. This worked well; and the next dodge was the starting of a mythical mission in China, the Holy Sisters of which agreed, for every million stamps sent to them, to save from the jaws of the crocodiles of the Yellow river at least one Chinese baby, and then educate and Christianize it. The stamps were to be sent, not to Jerusalem or China, but to Munich or Stettin.

The last claim on the sympathy of the world that has been made by this German is that for a million stamps a home for an old lady or an old gentleman in one of three homes—one in London, another in New York, and the third in Cincinnati. For half a million stamps a bed will be endowed in a hospital and for 100,000 a home will be found for an orphan for one year. There are agencies in various cities to forward stamps to Stettin. It is estimated that this swindler has collected over one hundred million stamps in the United States alone, and that these were worth from half a million dollars to three times that amount.—Good Housekeeping.

Jean Ingelow at Sixty.

Jean Ingelow lives in an old fashioned, cream colored stone home in Kensington, set in the midst of extensive grounds, with handsome trees and many beautiful flowers and shrubs. At least, this is her house in summer time; her lungs are not very strong, and in winter she occupies a little cottage in the south of France, on the shores of the Mediterranean, covered with vines and smothered with flowers. She is nearly 60 now, but does not look half her age; her eyes are so bright and her cheeks as rosy and rounded as a girl's. Of late years she has written very little, and even what she does she rarely publishes, for her theory is that a poet never writes any immortal verse after he or she passes 50, and she may very justly rest on the laurels she has won for herself before she reached that age.—Boston Traveler.

An Unfortunate Inference.

Miss Parsay (calling on Mrs. Bunscomb, picks up a card from her table) —Blodgekins! What a homely name! I'd have it changed.

Little Bobby B. (sweetly)—Is that your name?

Miss P. (also sweetly)—No. What makes you think that's my name?

Bobby—I heard mamma say you were dreadful anxious to change it.

Sound of distress from Bobby fifteen minutes later.—Harper's Bazar.

Story of a Suit of Armor.

If the story related by a Parisian contemporary be true there is a merchant in the French capital who has been singularly favored by capricious Dame Fortune under rather curious circumstances. The paper we refer to relates that recently a wealthy Parisian, a lover of antiquities and curiosities, purchased of the said merchant a suit of armor for the large sum of 300,000 francs, or £12,000. Before it came into the possession of its present owner the suit of armor had had a remarkable career. It belonged originally, it is stated, to Francois I, and fell one day into the hands of M. de Rothschild, who bought it for 2,500 francs, disposing of it later on to Lord Ashburnham for 95,000 francs.

Years afterward the latter, in turn, sold it to a London dealer in curiosities for 300,000 francs, he again passing it on to an English millionaire for 425,000 francs. When the millionaire died it was left unnoticed in the corner of a lumber room, and the house, being afterward destroyed by fire, the celebrated suit of armor was found among the ruins and passed into the hands of a dealer in old iron. It was unearthed in his shop not long ago by the Paris merchant, who bought it at a merely nominal price and cleaned and restored it, after which he was lucky enough to find a purchaser willing to take it off his hands, as has been said, for the sum of £12,000. So he did a remarkably good stroke of business when he bought it of the dealer in old iron for a mere song.—London Times.

Too Much Emotion.

Fond Father—Harry, you have been waiting on Miss Watson for over a year. Why don't you marry her?

Harry—She isn't emotional enough.

Fond Father—Great scott, boy, what do you want with an emotional woman? The crown of my head is as bare as a billiard ball. Your mother was an emotional woman."—Epoch.

ON HIS SWEETHEART.

She sits before the harpsichord,
Her fingers straying o'er the keys,
Sure pleasant food her thoughts afford,
Perchance her heart is over seas.
"Oh, come from dreamland's misty haze,
And give a word, a smile to me!"
I pray in spirit as I gaze
Upon my Cousin Dorothy.

Sir Joshua and all his ilk
Had gladly painted such a face,
And dainty figure, robed in silk
Ablaze with jewels, soft with lace;
Would that Time's wheel were backward turned
A century or so, and we—
The lesson of today unlearned—
Our great grandparents, Dorothy?

A measure we to tread would choose,
Like squire and dame in ancient tale,
I, in my wig and buckled shoes,
And you in ruff and farthingale;
And would I, as I touched your hand,
Look down into your eyes to see,
A light I only could command,
And know you were my Dorothy?

Alack, that hour can never be!
It only dreams in fancy's day,
For even while she smiles on me,
I know her mind is far away.
But as I watch her there apart,
In dreams, alas! not "fancy free,"
I know that I have lost my heart
To my sweet Cousin Dorothy.
—Home Maker.

Queen Victoria's German Dragoons.

The first guard dragoon regiment, of which her majesty has become chief, is not only one of the most distinguished cavalry regiments in the German army, but in military history it will live as one of the participators in those episodes which occurred at critical moments in the great battle of Vionville-Mars-la-Tour Aug. 16, 1870, when there depended for the moment on a mere handful of horsemen the fate of some thousands of their comrades. Twice during that battle did the German cavalry, in order to avert the impending catastrophe, ride to certain destruction, and on one of these occasions it was the First guard dragoons that, single handed, first arrested the almost triumphal onward march of the enemy, and thus helped to beat back the wellnigh overwhelming tide of advance.

The formation of the regiment dates from Feb. 21, 1815, on which day King William Frederick the Third issued an order to the following effect: "I have determined to raise three new guard cavalry regiments in place of the existing light cavalry regiment, and to form them from the three national cavalry regiments which have fought with the army during the war, in order not only give to the provinces to which these regiments belong, and to which they owe their origin, a fresh proof of my kindly feelings toward them, and which they deserve, but also to testify my satisfaction with the spirit shown by the light guard cavalry regiment during the war.

The three regiments thus formed became the guard lancers, the guard dragoons and the guard hussars. The dragoons were composed of the guard dragoon squadron, two squadrons of the Pomeranian national cavalry regiment, and a squadron from the queen's dragoon regiment. The men and horses from the national regiments were selected with special care. Those men who had obtained during the war the decoration of the Iron Cross were first chosen, and then preference was given to any who had served during the war.—Fortnightly Review.

Put Upon.

People who have "faculty," knack, the readiness to do many things well in many ways, are often asked to achieve things impossible. "Folks have always expected me to do everything there is to be done ever since I could run alone," said Mrs. Grey.

"We all moved out on an Indiana prairie when I was 5 years old," she continued, "and I declare if I wasn't driving the cows to pasture by the time I was 6, besides going to school and helping my mother in the house.

"As I grew up, it kind of seemed to come natural to the whole family to pile all sorts of work on me. My brothers and sisters would say 'Go to Mary' for every single thing, no matter whether 'twas to darn a stocking, or pick out a sliver, or hunt up anything that was lost. Some folks never can find lost things. I always could; just seemed to sense where to look for 'em.

"It was me that had to hang the fly screen doors in the spring, and take 'em down in the fall. It was me that had to take care of 'em all at home whenever they were sick, and make over all the old clothes, and fix up hats and dresses out of just nothing at all. I had a good knack of conjuring, but I declare if I didn't just lose my patience one time.

"My sister Jessie had read in the paper that white chip hats was to be the fashion that summer for young girls. She was dreadful fond of clothes, and she set her heart on having one of them hats. So what did she do but come to me one day with her apron full of nice, smooth chips from the wood pile.

"'Mary,' says she, 'don't you believe you could kind of weave these in somehow, and make me one of them stylish chip hats?' And she meant it, too!

"Now I leave it to anybody if it's any wonder my patience gave out for once. I really felt put upon. I really did!"—Youth's Companion.

The Old Vet's Chew.

An old veteran without any arms walked along First avenue, south, yesterday in company with his wife. Of a sudden the man stopped, and, turning to his companion, said:

"Mary, gimme a chew."

This seemed like a very singular request to make, but the woman appeared not at all disconcerted. Putting her hand into her husband's vest pocket she extracted a plug of tobacco and held it up to the veteran's lips. The latter took a goodly "chew," and the pair proceeded on their way.—Minneapolis Tribune.

An odd scene is reported as occurring the other day in two fields not an eighth of a mile apart, near London. In one all work was stopped for the day by a pouring rain, while in the other not a drop fell.

The Stylographic Pen.

Several bankers have refused to recognize the signatures of their patrons when written with a stylographic pen. Writing produced with these pens is wanting in most of the essential and habitual characteristics of writing, as when executed with a two-nibbed pen. Whatever be the position of the pen or the degree of the pressure, the line made remains the same in quality and in size. Such writing, therefore, not only lacks character, but is very easy of imitation or forgery. On the other hand, in writing executed with the two nibbed pen the line is varied in quality and shade by the position of the pen and degree of pressure, angles and turns are modified and more sharply defined, thereby introducing into writing the whole multitude of peculiar characteristics that give character and personal identity and render it most difficult to imitate.—Interview in St. Louis Globe Democrat.

MONEY TO LOAN.

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Fredericton, August 13th

222.

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NEWEST HATS IN COLLARS,
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General Commission Merchants,
22 CENTRAL WHARF, BOSTON, MASS.
Members Chambers of Commerce, Established 183
Boston, Oct 4th, 1887

NEW
FRUIT!

Choice New Valencia Raisins.
Choice New Valencia Layers.
WHITE EXTRA C. SUGAR.
St. Lawrence Refinery.
FOR SALE LOW BY
A. F. RANDOLPH & SON.
Fredericton, Nov. 2.

'89 FALL AND WINTER, '89
Fashionable Tailoring

I have now opened a large and varied stock of English, Scotch and Irish Suttings, For the Fall and Winter Trade, together with a full line of

Naps, Beavers and Meltons,
And a select line of
WORSTED CORKSCREWS AND WIDE WALES,
together with a select line of Fancy Trouserings, all of which will be made up in the latest styles as usual, fit and workmanship guaranteed.
PRICES DEFY COMPETITION.
Call and inspect my stock before placing your orders elsewhere.

JOSEPH WALKER,
Practical Tailor.
In the store formerly occupied by the late Francis Dougherty, as a boot and shoe store, Queen Street, Fredericton, N. B.

THE ONLY MEDICATED ELECTRIC BELT for Kidneys, Pain in Back, Nervousness and Debility. Also "Actina," the Great Catarrh Cure and Eye-Restorer. - TRUE CURATIVES. Agents Wanted. Book FREE.
$3.00
WINTON MANUF'G CO'Y, 120 YONGE STREET, TORONTO, ONT.

Acme Club Skates!

500 PAIR ACME CLUB and other Skates expected in a few days, and will be sold at the usual low price.
AT NEILL'S HARDWARE STORE.

GRANITE IRON
Tea and Coffee Pots.

JUST RECEIVED from Meredien, Conn., 2 cases Granite Iron Ware.
Tea and Coffee Pots, Pudding Dishes, Pie Plates, Sauce Pans, Preserve Kettles, Rice Boilers Fry Pans, Wash Dishes &c.
For sale low at
NEILL'S HARDWARE STORE.

900 BUS. SUPERIOR OATS.
FOR SALE FROM THE CARS BY
ELY PERKIN.
Nov 9, 1889.

2,700 BUCKWHEAT MEAL
VERY LOW AT
ELY PERKINS.
Nov. 9, 1889.

RECEIVED TO-DAY.

Three Barrels of Fine Quinces and Pound's Sweet Apples to Match.

ALSO:
One Car, (200 Barrels,) American Baldwins.

G. T. WHELPLEY
Fredericton, Oct. 30, 1889 310 QUEEN STREET.

SPECTACLES ON SCIENTIFIC PRINCIPLES

D. HARRIS ENGLISH OPTICIAN.
53 Germain Street.
St. John, N. B., near Market.

Mr. Harris is enabled to suit perfectly even most difficult cases, and his stock being made up on purely Scientific Principles he can with confidence submit them to his patrons.
Office hours, 9 a. m. to 8 p. m.; Saturdays, until 10 p. m. Jan. 10th ly ttw.

WE HAVE JUST RECEIVED
A Very Choice Assortment of
BIRDS AND FANCY FEATHERS
And are daily expecting others, including
FEATHER TURBAN BANDS,
BLACK BIRDS, WINGS
And all the Latest Novelties.
THE MISSES YOUNG.

PAYSES' CELERY COMP.

Diamond Dyes, Lactated Food, Nestles' Food, Bird Seed,
JUST RECEIVED AT
WILEY'S DRUG STORE,
196 QUEEN STREET.
Fredericton, Oct, 30

CHEHP CLEARANCE SALE
OF
GROCERIES AND PROVISIONS.

Will be sold in lots or to suit the purchasers. I will sell any quantity. Now is the time to secure a bargain. Tea in 3, 5 and 10 lb. Caddies, a choice lot will be sold very low. Alos Molosses, Sugar, Soda and a complete line of General Groceries.

As I have concluded to retire from the busines, the above will be sold very low to clear; also a Choice lot of Timothy and Stock Hay for sale low,
W. E. MILLER,
155 AND 159 QUEEN ST.

STOVES. STOVES.

COOK RANGES AND STOVES
Both to Burn Coal or Wood.
SELF FEEDERS, HALL & PARLOR STOVES
For Coal or Wood.
Dining and Bedroom Stoves
For Sale at the Usual Low Prices.
—CALL AT—
NEILL'S
STOVE WAREROOMS,
An examine his Large and Well-Assorted Stock of Stoves. Remember the Old Stand, just opposite the County Court House.
348 TO 354 QUEEN ST.

SEWING MACHINES AND ORGANS.

This is an excellent opportunity to purchase; as I buy for cash direct from the factories I am able and glad to give my patrons the benefit of the finest prices to be had in market.
THE CELEBRATED NEW HOME,
FAVORITE,
—AND—
NEW NATIONAL, HAND
MACHINE.
These are undoubtedly the best Sewing Machines manufactured.
CELEBRATED UXBRIDGE ORGAN
Parlor, Church and Hall designs; of beautiful tone and finish. This organ takes the lead of all others in the market. Customers are invited to call and examine. Best prices and terms yet offered. Agents will be pleased to call upon any intending purchaser who will send name and address to my office.
COR. KING AND REGENT STS., FREDERICTON.
PETER DUFFIE.

39 BOTTLES 39
OF
DAVIS' EMULSION
OF
COD LIVER OIL

With Lactophosphate of Lime, Sold at Retail in six days, proving it to be the best preparation for
COUGHS, COLDS, BRONCHITIS, and CONSUMPTION.
Price 50 cents and $1.00 a Bottle at
GEORGE H. DAVIS' DRUG STORE, CORNER QUEEN AND REGENT STREETS, FREDERICTON.